Enter sir *John Hum*.

What sir *John Hum*, what newes with you?
Sir John. Iesus preserue your Maiestie.
Elnor. My Maiestie. Why man I am but grace.
Ser John. I, but by the grace of God & *Hums* aduise,
Your graces state shall be aduanst ere long.
Elnor. What hast thou conferd with *Margery Iordaine*, the cunning Witch of *Ely*, with *Roger Bullingbrooke* and the rest, and will they vndertake to do me good?
Sir John. I haue Madame, and they haue promised me to raise a Spirite from depth of vnder grounde, that shall tell your grace all questions you demaund.
Elnor. Thanks good sir *John*. Some two daies hence I gesse
Will fit our time, then see that they be here:
For now the King is ryding to Saint *Albones*,
And all the Dukes and Earles along with him,
When they be gone, then safely they may come,
And on the backside of my Orchard heere,
There cast their Spelles in silence of the night,
And so resolue vs of the thing we wish,
Till when, drinke that for my sake, And so farwell.

Exet Elnor.

Sir Iohn. Now sir *Iohn Hum*, No words but mum.
Seale vp your lips, for you must silent be,
These gifts ere long will make me mightie rich,
The Duches she thinks now that all is well,
But I haue gold comes from another place,
From one that hyred me to set her on,
To plot these Treasons gainst the King and Peeres,
And that is the mightie Duke of *Suffolke*.
For he it is, but I must not say so,
That by my meanes must worke the Duches fall,
Who now by Cuniurations thinkes to rise.
But whist sir *Iohn*, no more of that I trow,

For

For feare you lose your head before you goe.

Exet.

Enter two Petitioners, and *Peter* the Armourers man.

1. *Peti*. Come sirs let vs linger here abouts a while,
Vntill my Lord Protector come this way,
That we may show his grace our seuerall causes.
2. *Peti*. I pray God saue the good Duke *Humphries* life,
For but for him a many were vndone,
That cannot get no succour in the Court,
But see where he comes with the Queene.

Enter the Duke of *Suffolke* with the Queene, and they take him for Duke *Humphrey*, and giues him their writings.

1. *Peti*. Oh we are vndone, this is the Duke of *Suffolke*.
Queene. Now good-fellowes, whom would you speak withall?
2. *Peti*. If it please your Maiestie, with my Lord Protectors Grace.
Queene. Are your sutes to his grace. Let vs see them first,
Looke on them my Lord of *Suffolke*.
Suffolke. A complaint against the Cardinals man,
What hath he done?
2. *Peti*. Marry my Lord, he hath stole away my wife,
And th'are gone togither, and I know not where to finde them.
Suffolke. Hath he stole thy wife, thats some iniury indeed.
But what say you?
Peter Thump. Marry sir I come to tel you that my maister said, that the Duke of *Yorke* was true heire vnto the Crowne, and that the *King* was an vsurer.
Queene. An vsurper thou wouldst say.
Peter. I forsooth an vsurper.
Queene. Didst thou say the King was an vsurper?
Peter. No forsooth, I saide my maister saide so, th'other day